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sleep for 36 hours, he was resolved to make a night of it at Belshazzar's Feast, an annual costumed charity affair.

When I returned home, I too felt the desire to go on the town. With the assistance of E's maid, Maria, I borrowed a mink hat, bedecked myself with rows of artificial pearls, hung emeralds in my ears, and affixed all the other portable jewelry I could find. An old Algerian dressing-gown, white woolen Austrian stockings, red slippers, a scarlet parachute scarf, completed an ensemble I thought suitable for a pseudo Wise Man from the East.

I joined E and her ribald companions at the dance hall, where we amused ourselves until an unreasonable morning hour.

December 12, 1962 - Wednesday

I staggered out of bed at seven, fearful of missing a ride to Paris on Secretary McNamara's plane. I might have spared myself the effort. London Airport was dense with fog. We sat in the VIP lounge for more than two hours before ascension

I made an appearance at the Embassy, ~~where I remained until evening.~~ The familiar conference faces were there. Dean Rusk talked to me about Anglo-American concerns. I went to see Jessie Bruce and her sweet children, before dining at the Crillon with Bob Schaetzel. Briefed and sleepy, I couched down at the ~~Travellers~~ toward midnight.

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December 13, 1962 - Thursday

A fine day, the newly cleaned Madeleine and Palais Bourbon smiling at each other. I got off, close to noon, on a TWA jet. Two hours out, a baleful announcement told us we would land in Shannon, the radio apparatus having gone on the blink. There we stayed for almost ninety minutes, with more than seven hours of flying still to do.